





## The Horse.

### To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse, inspect the lower jaw of course; The six front teeth the tell will, And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nippers" you behold Before the colt is two years old; Before eight weeks two more will come; Eight months, the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year; In two years, from the second pair; In three, the "corners" too, are bare.

At two, the middle "nippers" drop; At three, the second pair can stop; Within four years the third pair goes; At five, a full new set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years; At eight, the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nippers" upper jaw, At nine, the black spots will withdraw; The second pair at ten are white; Eleven, and the "corners" light.

At twelve, the horseman know The oval teeth three-sided grow; They longer get, project before; At twenty, when we know no more.

### HAIRY OR BARE LEGS FOR DRAFT HORSES.

An English journal recently published an extended article on this subject, from which we take the following extracts as of interest to our draft horse breeders:

Judging from the prevailing fashion among some of our cart-horse breeders, it would almost seem as if hairy legs, or feather, were sought after as indicative of weight and strength of bone. This, it will be seen presently, does not necessarily follow. Size of bone is very desirable in a heavy draft horse, but the size of the same is of far greater moment than the quantity. That thickness of bone does not denote strength can be proved by comparing the small bones of the thoroughbred with those of the ordinary cart horse. The amount of strain which the bone can stand depends far less on its size than on its texture. It is also to be remembered that development of the tendons and ligaments of the leg is subject to the construction of the bone, and whether it be fat or round, of good or bad quality. Broad, flat cannon-bone is usually associated with muscles freely co-operating with the other aids to locomotion and power, and is less liable to suffer from ligamentous and joint lesions than a round cannon-bone, the latter being also a prolific source of contracted and deformed limbs.

The object of nearly every breeder of Clydesdale and Shire horses seems to be to secure a superabundant growth of hair on the lower parts of the limbs; but for what purpose has not yet been explained. The tastes of the early breeders would appear to have tended in this direction, until, doubtless, plenty of rough hair came to be considered indispensable. It is well, however, to inquire into the uses of such an appendage. There are, perhaps, many people who regard feather on the legs as an essential of beauty as well as of constitution in the draft horse. And we cannot deny that the possession of heavy, downy, downed draft-horse is considerably improved by a fringe of hair on the legs; but this may only be a fancy we have acquired from long looking at that type. Breeders of the clean-legged Suffolk cart-horse would at any rate say so. It would be difficult to name a single advantage in favor of long hair on our horses' legs, whereas the disadvantages of it are manifold. We must take the horse as we find him, toiling on the road or in the field, it may be in mud or in wet, and then ask ourselves whether the clean-legged or the hairy-legged horse has the advantage.

There is no need to recount the inconvenience of feather on such occasions, besides its evil effects in harboring dirt and scurf, and predisposing to irritation and slough on the pasterns and coronets.

The external influences of a profuse growth on the legs are all bad, but they do not compare with those almost invariably present in its production. We can not explain this more tersely or on better authority than to quote Prof. Walley on the point.

He says: "A profusion of hair pre-supposes a coarse skin, and a coarse skin means a corresponding decrease in vitality, and consequently a greater liability to disease as such as grease, thick legs and cracked heels. It further means a more highly lymphatic constitution, and, as a consequence, a greater tendency to such affections as 'weed'."

That these diseases and affections are, in the result of hair, nobody can deny, and such being the case, it does seem strange that the patrons of the Clydesdale and Shire horses should go in so much for "feather." It is only a mistaken fancy, the same as color crazes or something of that sort, and it would be better if breeders would disregard it altogether. Of course, fashion spreads wide, and even to foreign lands, but although some American buyers may still ask and pay for good feather on the Clydesdale or Shire horses they buy, we know from experience that on the farm, as a rule, they clip off all superfluous hair on the legs of their horses. In the winter the hair sometimes "balls" so with snow that the horses are not able to put one foot past another, and they are equally handicapped in deep mud. Many of the Americans prefer the bare-legged Suffolk or Percheron to the Clyde or Shire for this reason, so that while the home trade may still demand woolly legs, a good deal of the foreign is lost through this cause.

### HORSES MUST HAVE GOOD FOOD.

Our Paris correspondent notes the following results shown by an investigation into the causes of the deterioration of French cavalry horses:

"During fifty years, the French cavalry have had to depend on foreign importations of horses, and these principally came from Germany. The Central Society of Veterinary Medicine in June last ruled, that carefully chosen, trained, cared, and fed, the native French war horse was equal to that of any other country. It was owing to not giving a sufficiently good price that the

French cavalry received a bad name. The same Society stated that the cavalry did not care and train the horses sufficiently, and that the artillery neglected theirs. It is a long standing reproach that the worst hay and oats are reserved for the army horses; it is not food the cattle want, but food of superior quality; hence, neither cavalry nor artillery horses are capable of yielding the strength, energy, and endurance expected from them. In the German army the horses are no better fed than those of the French. At the opening of the war of 1870-71, the Germans had anything but well-fed mounts, but on quitting France, the German horse, owing to liberal feeding, were models of working vigor."

### Horse Gossip.

HAPPY MEDIUM has put seven in the 2:30 list this season, giving him 33 to his credit in all.

C. M. WILSON, of this city, has sold to Mr. Frank Work, New York city, the gray gelding Billy Friar, record 2:34½, by Western Fair-nought.

D. C. REED, of Kalamazoo, has sold to Mr. Hanlon, of Providence, R. I., the six-year-old stallion Red Wilkes by Red Wilkes, dam by Mambrino Eagle. Mr. Reed says he got \$4,000 for the horse.

FRENCH SAVANTS have been experimenting with dried blood as a food for horses. It is given in small quantities with other food, and is said to exercise a good influence upon the animals it is fed to. Good mares, especially, were benefited by it.

RED WILKES' greatest son is Prince Wilkes, who beat Belle Hamlin at the Lexington, in the good time of 2:18, 2:17½ and 2:16½. The mare has a better record than this, but she is evidently deficient in the staying qualities necessary for winning in a close race.

ELECTIONEER and George Wilkes, says Colman's Rural World, now stand even in the 2:30 list, which will eventually become the real test of merit. Each has eight with records of 2:30 or better under their names and seven that have made better than 2:30. The average rate of speed attained by the descendants of George Wilkes is as yet the lowest, his seven averaging 2:17, 2:23, and Electioneer's 2:18, 2:25.

QUITE a number of well-bred horses are coming into this State. Johnson Brothers, of Greenville, Montclair County, who have been free purchasers of trotting bred stock for a couple of years past, have added to their lot the yearling colt Novera, by Nutwood, dam by Belmont, for which they are said to have paid \$2,500. Then Henry Richfield, of Jackson, and Frank Davenport, of Grass Lake, have purchased a yearling bay colt by Red Wilkes, who is proving a grand sire, dam by Tom Rodgers, record 2:30, by George Wilkes. The colt is named Steelstar, and cost \$2,500.

CHARLEY WHITE, of Lexington, one of the lessees of the Kentucky Association, has disappeared, leaving numerous of his friends to mourn for placing confidence in him. He had the pooling privileges at Latonia and Louisville for several years and made books on the different races at the Phoenix Hotel. When any one made a large winning he would put them off with different excuses, and he owes many business men of Lexington, the Kentucky Association has taken charge of the pooling and will pay all purses. Moral: Keep away from the pool-box and avoid trouble generally.

## The Farm

### Treatment of Cornstalks.

G. Wilson, in the N. Y. Tribune, gives his method of curing cornstalks, which seems excellent in results, according to his statements. This is a matter of much importance to farmers, since we are repeatedly told the stover is one-half the corn crop. Mr. Wilson says:

"My method is to begin husking as soon as the corn is all cut and put the stalks in the mow as fast as husked, first a layer of stalks and then a layer of straw, thus alternating till all are in. They will keep this way any length of time and come out of the mow bright and sweet, with all the saccharine matter contained preserved intact."

"Thus cured if run through the feed-cut-ter, straw and all, stock will eat every particle of it. There is no woody, pithy refuse to bother either in the manger or manure-pile. Saccharine matter, if the stalks are exposed long in warm autumn weather turns to vinegar and is then worthless for fodder. In drawing the corn stalks to the barn I use a hay-rack with the rear ladder removed. One man passes the corn up to the loader at the end and he conveys it to the front and loads from front to rear. The stouts contain each thirty-six hills of average corn. These before loading are quickly divided in two and bound so they may handle easier. To unload, the wagon is backed into the barn and the stouts passed down as they came on."

"Two men draw twelve loads in a day of twenty-five stouts each, clearing about three acres of ground. But if there is only one to draw he attaches to the rear end of the wagon a plank twelve feet long with slats nailed across it for a walking plank to ascend and descend. This plank is left at the gate when the team goes to the barn. Before loading he has one end of a stout rope of sufficient length fastened to the rear end of the rack, passed along on the bottom board and coiled on top of the front ladder. To unload he backs into the barn, securely blocks the hind wheels of the wagon, passes the rope over the top of the load and out of the back door, hitching his team to it and the load rolls off in a body; and as he loads butts all one way so it comes off in proper shape to husk."

"As to which is the quicker way, to husk in the field or in the barn, after many years' trial of both ways, I know the latter to be speedier, besides there are many other matters to commend it. One cannot husk in the field in inclement weather. In clearing a field after husking the ground has to be gone over three times; once to assort and take up the good corn, once to pick up the poor corn and once to draw in the stalks. By the other way the field is cleared at once and not even a "nubbin" or husk wasted. One can husk any weather. There is no assorting or picking up corn about it. As husked each quality is thrown by itself,

then shovelled up and cribbed, and the stalks go to the mow, making a clean job of it, and all the work is up even every night."

### Wheat in America.

Concerning the introduction of wheat into America, reliable information is obtainable. It may be difficult in the present day to realize the fact that wheat was at one time unknown in America, yet prior to the discovery of this continent by Columbus, there was no cereal in America approaching in nature to the wheat plant. It was not until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A slave of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Marie D'Escobar, wife of Don Diego de Chauvros, carried a few grains to Lima, which were planted, the entire product being used for seed for several successive crops. At Quito, Ecuador, a monk of the order of St. Francis, named Fra J. dosi Bixi, introduced a new cereal; and it is said that the jar which contained the seed is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of the country by the English and other European settlers.—*Milling World.*

### Cold Facts About Cheese.

The English are gradually eating less of our cheese. Either the continent is supplying them in greater quantity, or we are allowing the all-powerful skinner to take out of the milk too much of the best quality of cheese, namely, butter-fat. Various reports indicate that Canada has outstripped us in the better manufacture, and taken the lead both in price and demand, and if we regain our foreign trade it must be by great improvement in the character of our cheese. The quantity made in this country is not, however, so great but that if put in attractive form it would be readily eaten at home, if the price at the retail counter were not 350 per cent above what the farmer receives for the finished goods. A taste could be cultivated for cheese in this country if the makers would heed the requirements of the market, instead of putting all the labor upon the butter and tossing the skim milk into a solid sour and dry cheese, that no one wants, and if once purchased is an embargo on future purchases. When cheese is made there should be an honest endeavor to put a necessary amount of butter-fat into it, and by skillful methods retain it, and have a digestibility about it that does not require the active attendance of a physician. When a man buys good cheese, and can be assured of a second slice equally good from another cheese, a customer will be secured, if the price be reasonable. There is a price-limit beyond which the average customer will not go; and quick sales and an active demand are assured by reasonable prices.

That we can capture the cheese-eaters of this country with the usual "flats" is somewhat doubtful; but with a greater variety to suit individual taste we can. Every attempt to introduce fancy cheese-making in this country has been successful, but there must be a persistent purpose to keep up the quality. When once the customer has been attracted there must be no substitution of inferior quality or disgust will follow and all that has been gained will be lost. Then the dairymen adjacent to the larger cities who are now selling at low prices, and see the city retailer cutting the same article at more than twice he paid for it, can get even by becoming retailers themselves. What's to hinder the county producers from opening dairy stores in all the large county towns, and sell their own butter and cheese, fresh in day, and if need be cream, milk, buttermilk, and other produce that tempts the city buyer? It is about impossible to find fine butter and cheese in such towns in Ohio as Akron, Canton, Sandusky and other smaller places, and if the farmers went into co-operation a great deal more, and sold their own produce, the necessity of an English market would largely disappear. Finally, there must be more known about cause and effect in the management of milk and cheese. Cheese-making is a greater art than making fine butter, and dairymen are annually losing millions of dollars from lack of this very knowledge. We are defrauding ourselves by not trying to create a home market, and supplying it with the finest grades of cheese known to the world. Unless we do something for our own safety we shall lose the foreign cheese trade entirely, as we have well nigh the export trade in butter, and we shall be left without a market adequate in its requirements to consume the cheese made.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

As acre of sorghum will on an average produce 24 bushels of seed, as good as corn for fattening stock, or feeding horses, with the addition of other feed, as bran, miller, etc., according to farmers who have grown it. At the Rio Grande sugar works they feed the horses upon sorghum of one part of bran to three parts of sorghum seed, and they make the best of pork by a judicious use of the same material. Sheep thrive on it also.

BUCKWHEAT should be thoroughly dry before it is harvested so as to avoid any danger of heating or moulding in the bin. Although the threshing is frequently done by machine the tendency is to perform the work when the straw or grain is not entirely dry. The old-fashioned method of hand threshing in the middle of the day when the grain is perfectly dry and will shell easily seems to be a very satisfactory mode even if it takes a little longer time, and the additional labor of winnowing will give much cleaner grain.—*Germania Telegraph.*

The Flint Globe says that John Austin, of that city, in 1885 picked some potato seed pods from some vines in his yard, the variety of which he is unable to remember. In 1886 he sowed the seed and the result was a harvest of small potatoes not much larger than acorns. This spring he planted these potatoes and upon digging this fall he finds the most marvelous assortment of tubers. There are fully twenty different varieties, one of which is somewhat like the original form from which the seed was obtained. They are all good solid potatoes, of fully average size, appear to be good keepers and are excellent for cooking.

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above ordinary poultry, without special methods of feeding, how much greater must its superiority be when fed for flavor as well as for tenderness and size! Ever and anon some enthusiastic breeder of thoroughbred fowls descends upon the merits of his favorite breed—"their tender, juicy flesh and rich, highly-flavored eggs, not to be compared with the dunghills long ago discarded"—forgetting that the dunghills were truly named, and that from hard scratching for a living in the barnyard, they produced the small, tough bodies and ill-flavored eggs complained of, while his thoroughbreds have a yard to themselves, are fed on the choicest grain and grasses, have nothing but pure water to drink; and all the "delicacies of the season," from the dinner table.

What breeder has not noticed the difference in flavor of the eggs from his best yards from the general flock running at large? Instinctively, the best fowls receive the best food and most careful attention, and the result is richer and better flavored eggs. Feeding for flavor must sooner or later become one of the high arts of poultry culture.

ACCORDING to Dr. Edward Smith, in his treatise on "Food," an egg weighing an ounce and twenty-grains contains one hundred and twenty grains of carbon, and seventeen and three-quarters grains of nitrogen. The value of one pound of eggs as food for sustaining the active forces of the body, is to the value of one pound of lean beef as 1584 to 9000. As a fish producer, one pound of eggs is about equal to a pound of beef.

FOWLS can be fattened at less expense in the fall than in the winter, and the price are almost invariably higher then than when the market is full, which is often the case about Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. Two or three weeks of generous feeding of fat-producing food, will put fowls in good condition for the table. Unfortunately for the lovers of toothsome chicken flesh, this is seldom done in the greater poultry raising countries and districts of Europe, the good and industrious poultry woman would never think of such a thing as picking up fowls from their runs and sending them to market. They are cooped and fed well, and most generally forced to take extra food to hasten the process of fattening, thereby insuring tenderness and flavor, which could not be obtained if allowed to indulge in their habitual liberty and daily exercise.

JOSEPH WALLACE says, in the *Poultry Monthly*: The white part of the egg is a glairy fluid, secreted by the mucous membrane of the oviduct, and envelopes the yolk after being received into the oviduct. It is really "coagulated blood," and possesses all the elements of muscles, bones, feathers, and everything that a chick requires for its development. The yolk does not afford a particle of nourishment to the embryo chick, but a little oil, saline matter, carbon, and other chemical properties, until about twenty-four hours before hatching. At that time there is scarcely a sign of diminution, and it is absorbed through the navel into the abdomen of the chick, and furnishes nourishment for at least twenty-four hours after being hatched, and also serves as a cleanser of excremental matter. The white is highly nutritious, forming the chief nourishment of the chick while encased in the shell, and gradually as it becomes absorbed, gives room to the fast growing body. It is a very bad conductor of heat, and hence guards the hatching eggs against the fatal chills which would otherwise occur after the hen has left the nest, and finally, it preserves the still more delicate yolk and vital germ from concussion or other violent injury.

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"The display of grains was meagre," is a statement made in the reports of nearly every fair, State or district, through the country. As not all sections had to battle with the drought which shortened grain and vegetable crops in Michigan, it would seem that these are the class of exhibits most neglected. Our fairs seem to be assuming more and more the aspect of live stock shows.

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## The Poultry Yard.

### The Flavor of Eggs.

There is much written about the flavor of eggs laid by hens of different breeds that could be traced, no doubt, to the feed given or obtained by them. The New York *Market Journal*, in an article entitled "Can Animals be Flavored?" says:

"It is suggested that a new industry might be created in the raising of poultry and various domestic animals upon certain kinds of food which will impart to their flesh new and palatable flavors. It is well known, for instance, that the exquisite savor of the canvas-back is due to the wild celery it feeds upon in southern marshes, and the delicious Congo chickens owe their superior excellence to the pine-apples they eat. The grouse of the far western plains is aromatic with the wild sage; wild ducks and other sea fowls have a fishy flavor; and the fish fed to swine may almost be said to be eaten over again by the consumer of their pork. Milk is especially affected by whatever is eaten, as every farmer can testify whose cows give bitter milk whenever they eat the leaves of burdock, etc. There can be no doubt that the nature of their food greatly modifies the taste and quality of the meat of most animals, and perhaps with proper effort some really valuable discoveries may be made in this direction."

The art of feeding for something besides mere weight or size will in the near future give place to the higher art of feeding to gratify taste. As the capon now ranks high

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## BULL'S SARSAPARILLA.

Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach; acid, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, loss of spirits, general prostration. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA by cleansing and purifying the blood, tones up the digestive organs, and relieves it at once. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA will remove the poison, supply the acids and relieve the pains. It is caused directly by impurities in the blood, which is perfect filtration of the blood there can be no rheumatism. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA will remove the poison, supply the acids and relieve the pains. It is caused directly by impurities in the blood, which is perfect filtration of the blood there can be no rheumatism. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA will remove the poison, supply the acids and relieve the pains. It is caused directly by impurities in the blood, which is perfect filtration of the blood there can be no rheumatism.

For sale by all druggists. 50 PER BOTTLE OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

## HUMPHREYS' DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK.

Cloth & Gold Binding. 144 Pages, with Steel Engravings. D. J. L. FINE. Address, P. O. Box 1810, N. Y.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NERVOUS DISEASES. 1. Consumption, Inflammation, etc. 2. Cerebral Palsy, etc. 3. Epilepsy, etc. 4. Hysteria, etc. 5. Mania, etc. 6. Melancholia, etc. 7. Paralysis, etc. 8. Paresis, etc. 9. Pyrexia, etc. 10. Tremor, etc. 11. Vertigo, etc. 12. Headache, etc. 13. Neuralgia, etc. 14. Neuritis, etc. 15. Numbness, etc. 16. Pruritus, etc. 17. Stammering, etc. 18. Stuttering, etc. 19. Tics, etc. 20. Trichotillomania, etc. 21. Trichotillomania, etc. 22. Trichotillomania, etc. 23. Trichotillomania, etc. 24. Trichotillomania, etc. 25. Trichotillomania, etc. 26. Trichotillomania, etc. 27. Trichotillomania, etc. 28. Trichotillomania, etc. 29. Trichotillomania, etc. 30. Trichotillomania, etc. 31. Trichotillomania, etc. 32. Trichotillomania, etc. 33. Trichotillomania, etc. 34. Trichotillomania, etc. 35. Trichotillomania, etc. 36. Trichotillomania, etc. 37. Trichotillomania, etc. 38. Trichotillomania, etc. 39. Trichotillomania, etc. 40. Trichotillomania, etc. 41. Trichotillomania, etc. 42. Trichotillomania, etc. 43. Trichotillomania, etc. 44. Trichotillomania, etc. 45. Trichotillomania, etc. 46. Trichotillomania, etc. 47. Trichotillomania, etc. 48. Trichotillomania, etc. 49. Trichotillomania, etc. 50. Trichotillomania, etc. 51. Trichotillomania, etc. 52. Trichotillomania, etc. 53. Trichotillomania, etc. 54. Trichotillomania, etc. 55. Trichotillomania, etc. 56. Trichotillomania, etc. 57. Trichotillomania, etc. 58. Trichotillomania, etc. 59. Trichotillomania, etc. 60. Trichotillomania, etc. 61. Trichotillomania, etc. 62. Trichotillomania, etc. 63. Trichotillomania, etc. 64. Trichotillomania, etc. 65. Trichotillomania, etc. 66. Trichotillomania, etc. 67. Trichotillomania, etc. 68. Trichotillomania, etc. 69. Trichotillomania, etc. 70. Trichotillomania, etc. 71. Trichotillomania, etc. 72. Trichotillomania, etc. 73. Trichotillomania, etc. 74. Trichotillomania, etc. 75. Trichotillomania, etc. 76. Trichotillomania, etc. 77. Trichotillomania, etc. 78. Trichotillomania, etc. 79. Trichotillomania, etc. 80. Trichotillomania, etc. 81. Trichotillomania, etc. 82. Trichotillomania, etc. 83. Trichotillomania, etc. 84. Trichotillomania, etc. 85. Trichotillomania, etc. 86. Trichotillomania, etc. 87. Trichotillomania, etc. 88. Trichotillomania, etc. 89. Trichotillomania, etc. 90. Trichotillomania, etc. 91. Trichotillomania, etc. 92. Trichotillomania, etc. 93. Trichotillomania, etc. 94. Trichotillomania, etc. 95. Trichotillomania, etc. 96. Trichotillomania, etc. 97. Trichotillomania, etc. 98. Trichotillomania, etc. 99. Trichotillomania, etc. 100. Trichotillomania, etc. 101. Trichotillomania, etc. 102. Trichotillomania, etc. 103. Trichotillomania, etc. 104. Trichotillomania, etc. 105. Trichotillomania, etc. 10







1890



and both struck out for the wood, without waiting to see the results of their assault.

Two freight trains collided near Lincoln, Mo., last week, and the engines and 70 cars were wrecked and burned. The wreckage was so great that it was impossible to release him; and a fellow employee chopped off his injured leg. He died in a few minutes after the accident.

The President, having finished his trip through the west and south, has returned to Washington. Great crowds congregated at every point at which the party stopped, and so many strangers to the city that it was impossible to accommodate them, and restaurants and others charged from \$5 to \$10 for a night's lodging.

W. R. McCullough, chief engineer of the steamship company, is charged with causing the death of a coal-passenger the vessel on which he had accumulated to heat in the engine-room. McCullough is alleged to have poured a scalding bowl of burning coals on the passenger, who was lying apparently asleep. He was hit in the chest, and he was killed as he was written in agony under the red coals. He died in a few minutes after the accident.

A vigilance committee under the leadership of Robert Henderson and a band of outlaws headed by Bud Trainor had a bloody battle on the north fork of the Arkansas river, last week, in which 15 men were killed and many wounded. The vigilantes were reduced one-half in number, and their leader thought it advisable to retire. The outlaws are thought to have been punished with equal severity.

President C. G. Franklyn, of the Horn River mining company, was arrested last week at the instance of Sir Rache Curd, who wants to recover \$3,000,000 alleged to have been converted to his own use by Franklyn. Franklyn's credit is gone so entirely that he has been forced to pay as high as \$1,000 for the use of \$25,000 for a month. He is now in jail, and he is expected to remain there for some time, as none of his former wealthy friends seem disposed to assist him.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**STOCK AND GRAIN FARM FOR SALE.**

Contains about 200 acres; 170 acres under high state of cultivation, balance in meadow and timber; new house, good fences, three good wells with living water on two sides the farm; new Perkins windmill; situated only two miles southeast of the village of White Pigeon. Price only \$5,000 per acre; terms one-half down with five years time on balance. For further particulars address T. E. CLAPP, Banker, White Pigeon, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

**3-4 Size SAW SET.**

For Lumbermen and wood cutters. Cheapest and best ever made. Sets a saw in three minutes; also Champion Gauge for cutting rakes teeth proper length. Anyone can use them. Sample of each by mail on receipt of \$1. Circulars free. J. E. WILKINS, Monroe, Pa.

**Shorthorns For Sale.**

We offer from the college herd a few choice bred cows and heifers; a so three young bulls from 8 to 10 months old, the get of Pennel Duke 2d, said to be the best of the breed. Also four registered Merino rams, 15 to 18 and four year old. Parties desiring to purchase are requested to call on the undersigned.

**SAM'L JOHNSON, Sup't.,**  
Agricultural College, Mich.

**GEORGE MILO 1313**

Record 2:30 and full brother to Jerome. Edible 2:15, will make a full season at \$10 to insure.

**DEWEY & STEWART,**  
Owosso, Mich.

**FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN!**

A 240-acre farm, suitable for stock, grain, fruit or general farming, well watered, bordering on the Saginaw river, near Bennington. For further information call on or address the owner, C. D. CASTLE, Bennington, Shiawassee Co., Mich.

**For Sale—Farms and Farming Lands**

In the Saginaw Valley—the best farming lands in Michigan. Address

**H. P. SMITH, East Saginaw**

**EVERY FARMER**

**His Own Blacksmith!!**

**ALL ODD JOBS CAN BE DONE.**

**SAVING TIME AND MONEY.**

**\$45 WORTH OF TOOLS FOR \$20**

**AND THIS PAPER ONE YEAR FREE.**

These tools are all of the best quality, and with them any farmer can accomplish almost anything. The tools are all of the best quality, and with them any farmer can accomplish almost anything. The tools are all of the best quality, and with them any farmer can accomplish almost anything.

**FORGE.**

The fall clip of Texas wool is now being received at the interior markets in that State, and the situation is not favorable for sellers. A dispatch from San Antonio, the headquarters of the wool trade of that State, says that in the history of the clip there has never been such a lack of buyers for Boston, New York, Chicago and St. Louis houses. These were badly bitten last spring by the heavy decline which set in, and came down to the point of panic, and came down to the point of panic, and came down to the point of panic.

**DRILL ATTACHMENT TO ANVIL AND VISE.**

This can be used in any vise, or separately about machinery. 2 Drills Points included.

**2 LBS. STEEL HAMMER AND HANDLE.**

**1 1/2 LBS. BEST STEEL HOT CHISEL & HANDLE.**

**1 1/2 LBS. BEST STEEL COLD CHISEL & HANDLE.**

**No. 34, STOCK AND DIE.**

Cuts Thread of Bolts and Nuts from 5-16 to 3/4 in.

**PAIR FARRIER'S PINNERS.**

**WOOSTERHOLM FARRIER'S KNIFE.**

**9-in. SHOEING HAMMER.**

One 12-inch Rasp. One 12-inch File.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**AUCTION SALE!**

I will offer at public auction a draft of 45 or 50 head of fine Kentucky-bred

**Shorthorn Cattle**

from those celebrated breeders in Kentucky, Messrs. Fisher, James and Wood, which are all good families. Also a fine lot of grades. Sale on my farm, on Portage street, near Fair Grounds, Kalamazoo.

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29th, at 1 o'clock**

No postponement on account of bad weather, and I have a large building to sell in. Parties wishing to see the goods, please call on Saturday evening either way. Anybody wanting good cattle cannot afford to miss this important sale.

**TERMS—One year's credit at seven per cent.**

**D. C. REED,**  
J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

**PUBLIC SALE**

—OF—

**SHORTHORN CATTLE**

Poland-China Swine & Merino Rams,

At my farm, one mile south and one mile west of depot at Byron. Sale to commence at 1 p. m.

**TWENTY HEAD OF SHORTHORNS,**

of which nearly one half are fine young bulls, broken down at six to eight months old. All females heavy and sound. Twenty head of Poland-Chinas, mostly spring pigs, and about 10 head of choice Merino rams and two year olds. All stock registered.

Will meet the morning train from both ways. Broken down at sale. Time will be given, and sold at six per cent interest.

**SEWARD CHAFFEE,**  
J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**PENINSULAR PAINTS** EXCEL IN

Endurance, Purity and Covering Capacity. No water, no barytes or any other adulterations in the Peninsular brand of Ready Mixed Paints. No varnishing necessary with Peninsular Carriage Paints. Superiority of work assured by using Peninsular Paints. Uniformity and permanency of color guaranteed. Labor with the brush made easy by using Peninsular Paints. Avoid the use of the cheap alkali ready mixed paints. Remember that the Peninsular Paints are made of the best materials, and that our Ready Mixed Paints are tinted with Pure Colors of our own manufacture.

**SEND FOR SAMPLE CARDS!**

**Peninsular White Lead and Color Works,**  
Factory: Cor. Leib and Wight Sts., Detroit.  
FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Proprietors.

**PERCHERON HORSES.**

**FRENCH COACH HORSES.**

We will be glad to have our friends and acquaintances and those with whom we have been in correspondence, in fact any and all who are in search of first-class Registered Percherons and French Coaches, come and see our horses. We have an exceptionally fine lot, and our stock is so large that all may be pleased. We offer the largest number and greatest variety to select from. All our imported stock is selected by Mr. FARRAND himself personally in France, and he accepts nothing but the best horses of the most approved breeding. Our home-bred stock is all the progeny of selected sires and dams of the best form and most desirable breeding. We guarantee our stock. Sell on easy terms and at low prices. We will be glad to answer all correspondence promptly; but we would strongly advise persons contemplating the purchase of a horse or mare, Percheron or French Coach, to get on the train and come and see us.

**SAVAGE & FARNUM,**  
Prop'rs of Island Home Stock Farm, Importers and Breeders, Grosse Ile, Wayne Co., Mich.  
Catalogues Free by Mail. Address all Communications to Detroit, Mich.

**Kentucky Shorthorns at Auction!**

**Jackson, Mich., on Nov. 10**

**I WILL SELL AT**

**FORTY HEAD OF**

**HIGH-BRED SHORTHORNS!**

OF THE FOLLOWING FAMILIES:

Craggs Waterloos Barringtons  
Renick Rose of Sharons  
Marys Phyllis.

For Catalogue address

**O. S. JOHNSON, Winchester, Ky.**  
J. A. MANN, Auctioneer.

**GRAND PUBLIC HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE SALE**

from the celebrated herd of FRENCH BROS., to be held in POWER HALL, at the Exposition Building, Cincinnati, O., Thursday, Nov. 17, 1887, at 10 A. M. About 50 head of extra fine, 2-2-2, imported and home-bred cows, heifers and young bulls. Many are the get of the famous Prime Bulls, INTER-NATIONAL PRIZE, MACMURRAY and DUKE WILLIAM. Most of the females are now in milk. The animals are all of strictly European blood, and are of the highest quality. The sale is to be held on the premises of FRENCH BROS., P. O. Box 809, Cincinnati, Ohio. EZEKIEL & BERNHEIM, Managers.

**Merrill & Field, Bay City, Mich.**

**HEREFORD CATTLE!**

The Michigan Herd of Prize Winners.

At the head stands Clarence Grove (9709), an imported son of The Great 3d, dam Ruby by Spartan (5009); assisted by Tom Wilson (1937), a son of the great Lord Wilton and full brother to Mr. Bertram's Sir Wilfred. Such cows as Lovey 2d, Fairy Lad, Grace 3d, Pair Maid 4th by Chancellor 330, Greenhorn 5th by Fairy Prince, Barcelona Queen by Horace 5th, three grand heifers by Herod (645), and others of equal merit, compose the breeding herd.

**Young Stock For Sale at Reasonable Prices. Write for Particulars.**

**CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL STUD.**

**300 Cleveland Bays and English Shires**

No pampered odd stock or worn out exhibition stallions. Our stallions mostly imported as yearlings, are grown on our own farms, and thoroughly acclimated, insuring the best results in the stud from the start.

**HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.**

Being crowded for room for the next Ninety Days we will sell our HERD OF CATTLE. EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES TO REDUCE OUR CATTLE. A grand opportunity to secure foundation stock at a low figure. Send for an illustrated Descriptive Pamphlet and mention this paper.

**150**

**GEO. E. BROWN & CO., Aurora, Kane Co., Illinois.**

**Bees at a Bargain**

**I WILL SELL**

**A FEW CHOICE COLONIES,**

—EITHER IN—

Single or Double Chaff Winter Hives.

**VERY CHEAP.**

**E. W. COTTRELL, Detroit, Michigan.**

Parties contemplating purchasing Shropshire sheep before buying would do well to call on or write to

**DANIEL WHITFIELD,**  
Pontiac, Mich.

His flock is one of the oldest established flocks in the State, and comprises over 100 head of both sexes and different ages. Prices reasonable and stock as good as the best.

**FOR SALE,**

Or Exchange for Other Property.

A dairy of 12 cows and a good paying milk route, established for five years in Midland City, Mich. No position and good reasons given for selling. For particulars address

**E. C. WALTER, Midland City.**

**25 Extra Black Jacks**

And Several Standard-Bred Stallions

**FOR SALE.**

Jacks from 14 to 16 hands high, from 2 to 3 yrs old, and some good Jennets. All are of the best blood in Kentucky. Write for catalogue.

**J. MONROE LEE, Paris, Ky.**

**A FARM FOR SALE.**

Six miles south of Grand Rapids on Division Street gravel road. Contains 70 acres, all improved except 10 acres, a ring road on one end and a well on the other. For particulars address

**709 S. Division St., Grand Rapids.**

**A Wheat Elevator For Sale,**

Located at Bancroft, Shiawassee Co. Capacity 4,000 bushels. Will exchange for farm or personal property. Address

**J. K. DAVIDSON,**  
Maple Rapids, Mich.

**REGISTERED SHORTHORN BULLS FOR SALE**

I have three young Shorthorn bulls for sale. Breeding of the best. Prices to suit the times. Time given if desired. Address

**A. J. COOK,**  
Agricultural College, Mich.

**DIRECTORY OF MICHIGAN BREEDERS**

**CATTLE—Shorthorns.**

**ABRAHAM P. HESS,** Swan Creek stock farm, a breeder of thoroughbred shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. P. O. Box 100, Saginaw, Mich. Aug. 29

**A. J. CHANDLER,** breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome

**D. DECARMO,** signum, Union Co., a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. myt-48

**A. J. COOK,** Owosso, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Poland China swine and shropshire sheep. Stock for sale. Write for price of breeding. 09-57

**A. J. EELAND,** Rose Corners, Oakland Co., a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Fenton, Genesee county. jey-17

**A. P. COOK,** Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families represented. Bull Major Craggs at head of herd. Choice young bulls for sale. 42-17

**ARTHUR ANDERSON,** Monticello, Allegan Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, established 15 years, with Romeo 2770 by 254 Duke of Air, and a number of other prize winners. Stock for sale at head of herd. 3784 at head. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**BENJ. F. BATCHELOR,** Oceola Center, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn of young Mary and young Phyllis families, with the French Rose of Sharon bull. "Sharon Duke of Clark" at the head of herd. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also registered Merino sheep. 14-10

**G. LUC & SON,** Gillett, Branch Co., breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Families in the herd: April Morris, Phyllis, Miss Wiley, Rose of Sharon and Blossoms. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. 14-10

**CHARLES FISHBURN,** Lakeside Stock Farm, Fennell, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Herd headed by Bull Major Craggs, and a number of other prize winners. Young stock for sale. June-17

**R. HACKES,** Springdale Stock Farm, Will County, Ind., a breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Vermont and Michigan bred Merino sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. jey-17

**D. M. UHL,** Brookfield Herd, Ypsilanti, Choice Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep. Making qualities for sale. Correspondence solicited. jey-17

**S. BURNETT & SON,** breeders of Shorthorn cattle, all stock registered. Residents of four and a half miles east of Bancroft, Shiawassee Co. Stock for sale. 14-10

**A. BRADEN,** Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., breeder of pure bred Shorthorns of the Victoria and Stagnation families with Lord Raspberry at head of herd. Young stock for sale. jey-17

**GEORGE W. STUART,** Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle, registered Merino sheep, and Jersey Red Swine. Correspondence solicited. jey-17

**HENRY BROOKS,** Brooks Farm, Winton, a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. The following families represented: Pomona, Rose of Sharon and Phyllis. Correspondence promptly answered. 14-10

**HENRY LESLIE,** Oakdale Stock Farm, a breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. P. O. address, Grafton, Kent Co., Mich. jey-17

**H. HINDS,** Stanton, Montcalm Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino sheep. jey-17

**JOHN C. SHARP,** "Hillside Farm," Jackson, a breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Poland China swine. Families represented are: Sharon, Young Mary, Gwynne, Victoria, etc., with the straight Rose of Sharon bull. "Sharon Duke of Clark" at head of herd. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**JAMES D. BOTSFOORD,** Oceola, Centre, a breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Merino sheep. Stock for sale. jey-17

**JAMES MOORE,** Milford, Oakland Co., Mich., a breeder of Shorthorn cattle of leading tribes, hard headed and strong made. Also some fine Merino sheep and Percheron horses, Highland Scotch sheep and Jersey Red swine. 14-10

**JOHN MCKAY,** Macomb Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**J. E. FISK & SON,** Jonestown, Barry County, a breeder of Shorthorn cattle, registered American Merino sheep, and Poland-China swine. Plymouth Rock and Wardsville fowls. Stock for sale. Correspondence invited. P. O. Bedford, Chatham Co., Mich. 14-10

**L. OLMSTED,** Barr Oak Farm, Mtn. Co., a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. jey-17

**M. DAVIDSON,** Tecumseh, Lenawee County, a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some fine pure bred Shorthorn cattle. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. 14-10

**N. HAYES,** Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorn of the young Mary, Phyllis, etc., families. Young animals for sale. Also a number of Norman Percheron stock with a champion 330, Greenhorn 5th by Fairy Prince, Barcelona Queen by Horace 5th, three grand heifers by Herod (645), and others of equal merit, compose the breeding herd. 14-10

**OSWALD & SON,** Oakland Park Stock Farm, Kalamazoo, breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle. Families represented are: Young Mary, Phyllis, Golden Pippin and White Rose. Correspondence promptly answered. 14-10

**S. CHAFFEE,** Byron, Shiawassee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino sheep and Poland China swine. All stock registered. Stock for sale. 14-10

**C. E. ELLINWOOD,** Rose Corners, P. O. address Fenton, Genesee Co., a breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. 14-10

**THE COLLEGE FARM,** Agricultural College, Mich., breeders Shorthorn cattle, Berkshire and Poland-China swine, Merino and South Down sheep. A choice lot of animals always on sale at very reasonable prices. Address Sam'l Johnson, Sup't. of the Farm. 14-10

**W. M. HALL,** Hamburg, Livingston Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis, and the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Helen, and other families, headed by the pure Bessie Barrington bull. Barrington Duke 7th No. 7667. 14-10

**W. F. FISHER & SON,** Woodland Stock Farm, Howell, breeders of Shorthorn cattle and Merino sheep, Rosemary and Darlington tribes. Correspondence solicited. jey-17

**W. M. WHITEHEAD & SONS,** Lakeside Stock Farm, Waterford, Oakland Co., breeders of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle and Hampshire sheep. Stock for sale. 14-17

**Holstein-Friesians.**

**CHAS. F. GILLEAN,** "Fenfold Stock Farm," Pawman, breeder and dealer in thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle and Merino sheep. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**C. V. SEELYE,** North Farmington, Oakland Co., breeder of Holstein-Friesians. Stock for sale of the famous Yokema family. Yokema 32, D. P. Herd 2nd at head of the herd. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. 14-10

**P. R. PHILLIPS,** Bay City, breeder and importer of Holstein-Friesian cattle. Correspondence solicited. Incoming purchases invited to call and inspect stock. 14-10

**J. M. STEHLING,** Monroe, breeder of pure Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence and personal inspection solicited. 14-10

**W. K. SEXTON,** Howell, importer and breeder of thoroughbred Holstein-Friesian cattle. Stock for sale. Three miles south. 14-17

**W. L. WEBBER,** East Saginaw, bred mostly imported selected Holstein-Friesian cattle. Mr. H. B. Boardman by Mr. Cornelius Baldwin, of Ohio. Choice animals for sale. 14-10

**Jerseys.**

**SMITH BROS.,** Eagle, Meadow Brook herd of Jerseys. Stock of the highest quality and of the best sires. 14-10

**J. G. DEAN,** Hazen, high-class Jerseys of the River-Alpine and Grand Duke. Also registered Merino sheep and Poland-China swine. Stock for sale and eggs in season. 14-17

**Herefords.**

**EDWIN PHEASANT,** Maple Place Farm, Pon-tiac, Oakland Co., breeder of Hereford cattle of the popular strain. Vawter stock 420 at head of herd. Stock of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices. jey-17

**RIVERDALE STOCK FARM,** Metamora, a breeder of Hereford cattle. A choice lot of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices. 14-10

**THOMAS FORTER,** Elm Grove Stock Farm, Flint, Genesee Co., breeder of Hereford cattle. Herd headed by 2d at head, Colwood and Shropshire sheep, Berkshire swine, Road and Trotting horses, with stallions Flint and Man-Mantro and Hamiltonian breeding. Stock for sale. 14-17

**Devons.**

**R. O. HART,** Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and Standardbred Trotting horses. Devons, Galloways and Hereford cattle; Merino sheep and other stock. Farm adjoining city limits; residence, and breeding and sale stables in the city. Come or write me. 14-10

**Galloways.**

**R. P. O. RABBIT,** Essex, Clinton Co., St. Johns Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**SHEEP—Merinos.**

**A. WOOD,** Saline, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland-China hogs; herd started by George B. Clark, of Littleton, and owned by G. W. Harrington, of Paw Paw. jey-17

**C. E. LOCKWOOD,** Washington, Macomb Co., breeder of Registered Merino Sheep. Herd headed by 2d at head, Colwood and Shropshire sheep, Berkshire swine, Road and Trotting horses, with stallions Flint and Man-Mantro and Hamiltonian breeding. Stock for sale. 14-17

**BURLINGAME & SON,** Byron, Shiawassee Co., breeders of registered Merino sheep. Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**F. M. DEAN,** Maple Avenue Stock Farm, P. O. address, Howell, Oakland Co., breeder and dealer in imported American Merino sheep, registered Merino sheep and Essex hogs. Also registered Poland China Swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**J. A. GIBSON,** Kalamazoo, breeder of registered Merino sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland-China hogs; herd started by George B. Clark, of Littleton, and owned by G. W. Harrington, of Paw Paw. jey-17

**JAMES McNEEGOR & SON,** Metamora, Lapeer Co., breeders of thoroughbred registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. myt-17

**G. E. THOMPSON,** Romeo, Macomb Co., breeder of thoroughbred registered Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. myt-17

**J. EVARTS SMITH,** Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont. Register, Bessie and ever for sale of my own breeding, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vermont. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

**J. S. WOOD,** Saline, Washington Co., breeder of Vermont and Michigan registered thoroughbred Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. 14-10

**J. W. MILLS,** Maple Ave. Stock Farm, Saline, Washington Co., breeder of Vermont registered thoroughbred Merino Sheep. A large stock always on hand. Also Poland-China hogs; herd started by George B. Clark, of Littleton, and owned by G. W. Harrington, of Paw Paw. jey-17

**R. BATHAWAY,** Addison, Lenawee Co., Mich., a breeder of Vermont registered thoroughbred Merino sheep, registered in Vermont and Michigan. Register, Bessie and ever for sale of my own breeding, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vermont. Correspondence solicited. 14-10

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**EMERY A. GARLOCK,** Howell, breeder and dealer in imported and Michigan bred Shropshire sheep. Families represented are: Virginia Rams at low prices for fall of 1887. 09-17

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**S. H. TODD, Watman, O.**

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HIGH-CLASS POULTRY.

Wandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Black Spanish, Creve Coeur, White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Golden Pheasants, Houdans, Bronze Turkeys and Fowl Ducks. Eggs for hatching in season and for sale. Write for particulars and terms. Recorded in Ohio P. C. Record. myt-17

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Also Breeders of Victoria Swine.

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Shred by Proud Duke of Fairview 3070, and Lord Harrington Hillhurst 6331, out of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Ellsworth, Port Duchess and Rose of Sharon cows. Also a few cows and heifers. Reliable catalogue always on hand for distribution. Address

**WM. CURTIS & SONS,**  
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Addition is on the new Michigan and Ohio Railroad. Farm connected with State Telephone.

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**FOR SALE.**

122 head yearlings just imported from the prize winning flocks of Maxwell, Evans, Crothers, Darling, J. Bowen Jones, P. Dickens, William Thomas, Thomas Jones, C. E. Farmer, J. F. Fisher & SONS, LANSING, MICH.

**Shropshire Sheep!**

125 head rams and ewes, imported and American bred direct from the renowned flocks of Wm. Fowler, Richard Thomas, J. E. Farmer, J. S. Bradburn, R. Jones, T. Dinken, Jos. Pulley, M. P. Henry, Lewis, Minion Evans, Byrd, Bromley and others. Oldest established flock in Michigan and first on record. Stock for sale.

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**HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS!**

I have about Twenty head of the prize winning flocks of Maxwell, Evans, Crothers, Darling, J. Bowen Jones, P. Dickens, William Thomas, Thomas Jones, C. E. Farmer, J. F. Fisher & SONS, LANSING, MICH.

**Cows, Heifers and Calves.**

For sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms. Write for description, prices and records, stating what is wanted. A. L. FORBES, Mich. jey-17

**GREENWOOD STOCK FARM,**  
Poland China Swine a Specialty.

Stock recorded in Ohio Poland-China Record. Correspondence and inspection invited.

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**A Good Stock and Grain Farm For Sale**

Contains about one hundred and eighty-six acres, one hundred and forty of which are improved, balance in timber. A good orchard and good buildings on the place. Situated two miles north and three west of the village of St. Johns, Clinton County. For further particulars and terms inquire of

**R. B. GARRIS,**  
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**WE**

**Just Improved Cattle**

King in the Show Ring

On the farm with his mark he is seen a very fine stock of Shropshire sheep. For circulars containing full particulars address

**S. H. TODD, Watman, O.**



## Poetry.

## TRANSFIGURED.

To careless eyes she is not fair;  
This verdant carol lips declare,  
And wonder why, against the charm  
Of beauty vivid, rich and warm,  
The face they deem so cold and dull  
To him should be so beautiful.

Are they too dull to see aright?  
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?  
Or is it that indifference  
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?  
Now he is right or wrong? Oh, say,  
Doth he behold her face or she?

Her eyes into his own eyes shine  
With strange illuminating sign  
Is on her brow; a palimpsest,  
To his own gaze alone confessed;  
On him in grave glaucous mood,  
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

This is the face she turns to him,  
O say not 'tis a lover's whim  
That finds in her; nor are they dull  
Who say she is not beautiful.  
For, stranger of all mysteries,  
They never see the face he sees—  
The face an artist's skill can limn,  
The love-fair face she turns to him.

—Charlotte Perry.

## OCTOBER.

Crimson and gold are the forests old,  
Beautiful pictures by Nature made,  
Touched with the brush of an artist bold,  
Blending bright colors with light and shade.

Carpet of verdure bedecked with brown,  
Hangings of gold and of green and of red,  
Trunks that are rugged and seamed and old,  
Pointing the way to the blue overhead.

Barthard the forests are casting their leaves,  
Slightly hang their arms of gray,  
Laying their garments of summer down,  
Girding themselves for the winter's fray.

Beautiful leaves in their spring-time youth,  
Beautiful, too, in their summer green,  
Richer by far in their autumn's glow,  
When in full colors of age they are seen.

So let our lives as they hasten by  
Grow, like the leaves of the forest tree,  
Stronger, more beautiful, day after day,  
Ripen in time for eternity.

## Miscellaneous.

## BEAUTIFUL MISS DERWENT.

Brookland is a popular summer resort, and each year can boast many distinguished visitors; but of them, no other ever attracted so much attention as did Stella Derwent. Describing her, a prominent society journal said: "Her face is of the pure Spanish type, though more regular and delicate in its features than is usual among Spanish women. Her hair is jet; her eyes are large, lustrous and fringed with heavy lashes; her complexion is rich and clear, her expression is bright, sparkling, amiable. More remarkable than the perfection of her head is her faultlessness of figure, which combines stateliness and grace both in carriage and in pose."

The description in no wise exaggerated her beauty.

If it be true that "every woman is fond of conquests," Miss Derwent had cause for rejoicing. Before she had been in the place a week most of the gentlemen there resident—whether permanently or temporarily—had succumbed to her charms, with one another in paying their devotion, which she received in a dignified, courteous manner, but with an insouciance that stimulated their endeavors to render themselves agreeable to her.

There was one gentleman whom she seemed to regard with greater favor than the others—the Hon. John Maxham. He was the wealthiest, most prominent citizen of Brookland, and had secured his title from having several times represented his town in the State Legislature.

Somewhat rising fifty, he looked much younger, and was prepossessing in his personal appearance. He had been bereaved by death of two wives, but was quite ready to marry a third time, provided a woman could be found to comfort his declining years, who would creditably fill the position which, as his consort, would be hers.

With him she took long ramblings through green pastures and beside still waters; rode behind his handsome bay trotters; not unfrequently dined. So favorable an impression did she make upon the honorable gentleman's daughter and sole heir that she frankly declared to her intimate friend: "I think Miss Derwent would make a fine excellent wife." No trifling concession, in the effect of her father's marriage upon her patrimony is considered.

The prospective union of Mr. Maxham and Miss Derwent was the general theme of conversation in Brookland, when the community was suddenly startled by an announcement which caused all other matters to fade into insignificance—that the local bank had been burglarized to the extent of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, in currency and negotiable bonds—an announcement that proved only too true.

Of this bank Mr. Maxham was the president and cashier; for its funds he was personally responsible. To make good the deficit it would require the bulk of his worldly possessions. He at once called a meeting of the directors, at which it was decided to offer a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of the guilty party or parties; of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen property; also to employ a skilled detective, who was summoned from New York city by telegraph.

Having arrived in Brookland, the detective—made of the most expert in his profession—made a thorough examination of the building wherein the bank was located and its surroundings; listened to Mr. Maxham's statement of the facts of the case without remark. Then:

"You usually open the bank?" he asked.

"Always, when I am in town," replied Mr. Maxham.

"On the morning when you discovered that a burglary had been committed, you found the door locked?"

"I did."

"The windows fastened on the inside as now?"

"They were."

"You had no suspicion of anything wrong till you went to your safe?"

"I had not."

"The door of the safe was also locked?"

"It was."

"Who knows the combination that you use on the lock to your safe?"

"No one but myself."

"You are liable to be away. In your absence, what does the teller do for money with which to transact the business of the bank?"

"We pay out about the same amount each day. This sum I take from the safe and place in his hands, of course making allowance for a slightly larger demand than the average. If I am to be absent over night, at the close of business he deposits the money in his hands with one of our merchants who has a safe, fire-proof and burglar-proof like our own, receiving from him a receipt for the amount."

"Supposing any casualty—paralysis, sudden death or the like—were to befall you, how would the interior of your safe be reached?"

"The combination is on a slip of paper, which is in a drawer of the safe in the town clerk's office, which has three locks. The keys to these locks are respectively held by the three directors of the bank, and all of them would have to be used in obtaining the slip of paper."

"You seem to have made ample provision for the security of your treasures," smiling. "To guess accurately at your combination would be practically impossible, therefore it must have been learned by some person who watched while you, unsuspecting, opened the safe."

"I do not remember opening the safe when any one was near me."

"Then—?" And the detective hesitated.

"I know what you would say," said Mr. Maxham, quietly; "that I must be the guilty person. Fortunately, I can account for every moment during the night when the deed was committed; easily prove an alibi."

The days passed on, and not the faintest "clew" was discovered. No stranger had been seen in the place, directly prior to the burglary, nor since it had any one gone from Brookland to whom the slightest suspicion attached. The detective gave up the case and returned to New York.

Meanwhile, Mr. Maxham had walked, rode, dined with Miss Derwent, as usual. She manifested the warmest sympathy for him in his misfortune; in the sweetest voice declared that trouble was necessary to show one who his real friends are. From another, the assertion would have afforded him no comfort; from her, it did. It convinced him that her regard for him was not inspired by his wealth, which he would have sacrificed; emboldened him to declare his love, in impassioned language, and ask her to become his wife.

"Oh, you naughty man!" she exclaimed archly looking into his face; her tone far from discouraging.

"I am positive that, as my wife, I can make you happy."

"I have no doubt of it. But your proposal is so unexpected. You must give me time to consider it, before definitely answering it."

"Certainly; you will not allow it to disturb our present friendly relations?"

"By no means," earnestly.

One evening, some two weeks subsequent to the burglary, a young man named Wm. Avery, a clerk in the Brookland postoffice, called at Mr. Maxham's residence and requested a private interview with him on important business.

"I have company this evening," said Mr. Maxham, when the two were by themselves in the library, "and trust you will be as expeditious as possible."

"I will detain you but a few minutes," Avery replied. "To come directly to the point: Do you know anything of Miss Derwent's antecedents?"

"What?" and Mr. Maxham's face flushed angrily.

"Please answer my question. Do you know anything of the lady's past life, even her birthplace?"

"I do not," with ill-suppressed indignation.

"That foreign gentleman, Count Dupre, has been confined to his room at the Eagle ever since the burglary, has he not?"

"I believe so," sharply.

"Your teller informs me that you once allowed Miss Derwent to see your lock and unlock the bank safe, and that you did not acquaint the detective with this circumstance?"

"If you have nothing to talk about except her and the count, I must beg leave to end this interview."

"Since Miss Derwent has been in this place," Avery continued, calmly, "she has called at the postoffice for her mail, instead of having it sent to the Eagle as other boarders there do; a singular freak, it seemed to me. She has received four letters, each and all of them bearing the same post-mark and addressed in the same scraggy cursive. Meantime, as many letters have gone from this to the office whence hers have come, and all were for the same person."

"Hence, I concluded that she was the sender. I firmly believe that one's character is disclosed by his handwriting, in no small degree, and at once made up my mind that he whom I supposed Miss Derwent's correspondent is an extremely rough specimen of humanity. Influenced by an irrepressible curiosity to know what two persons so dissimilar as Miss Derwent and her supposed correspondent could have in common, I wrote to the postmaster of the village where that individual resides for particulars respecting him. Two hours ago I received the following reply," drawing a letter from his pocket and reading:

"DEAR SIR: Yours the 1st, by which I confess myself surprised, is received. In reply would say: Horace Parsons, concerning whom you enquire, once an estimable, though always an illiterate man, is a miserable, drunken brute. His daughter, of rare physical beauty, some three years since met a young man who had a handsome face and pleasing manners, with whom she became infatuated, by whom her ruin was effected."

"Her parents idolized her, and her disfigurement caused her mother's death, her father's downfall. The one for whom she sacrificed her honor is a gambler by profession, and capable of doing almost anything to obtain a living without work. He treats her shamefully, yet she worships him. His real name is Louis Carter, but both have aliases. I imagine one of them is Stella Derwent, as Parsons frequently sends letters to that address—lately to your post-office—and I do not know that he writes to anybody else. She furnishes the money for her father's support, doubtless given her by Carter. Very likely Carter is with her in

Brookland, though they do not always travel together. If so, look out for him. Truly yours,

"You think Carter and Dupre identical? That, added by Miss Derwent, who betrayed the confidence I reposed in her when I indiscreetly allowed her to see me unlock the safe, he was able to and did rifle its contents without leaving any trace?"

"Yes; and that his illness was feigned in order not to be seen by the detective, who might have recognized in him an old offender. He would not wish to leave the place immediately after committing the crime, from fear of being suspected; for, in these days of telegraphs, a malefactor gains nothing by an attempt to run away from the scene of his operations."

"True."

"Knowing the relations which have subsisted between you and Miss Derwent—so we will call her for the present—I deemed it best to acquaint you with my views before stating them to anyone else."

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness"—tremulously.

"I may be wholly wrong in my inferences. Therefore, I suggest that we go to the room where Miss Derwent awaits your return, anxiously, no doubt?—smiling as he spoke—"I think I can at once prove her innocence or guilt."

"Very well;" and the two descended to the parlor, where Avery was formally introduced to Miss Derwent.

Presently, without any apparent abruptness, turning to Mr. Maxham, he inquired: "Do you know that Count Dupre is no count at all? That he has been recognized as a notorious character named Carter?"

The effect of this double question upon Miss Derwent was instantaneous. She trembled like a leaf; the color receded from her cheeks; her eyelids dropped.

"One of his exploits was the ruin of a young girl," Avery continued, not waiting for Mr. Maxham to reply; "and that caused the death of the girl's mother—made a wreck of her father. It is said that she whom he ruined is so completely in his toils that she dares not refuse to act as his accomplice, whatever deed he may plan to commit."

This was too much for her, and she convulsively exclaimed:

"I confess all, and ask your mercy for him."

We will not prolong our narrative. No arrests were made, but the stolen property was all recovered. The sudden departure of "Miss Derwent" and "Count Dupre" from Brookland was a matter of surprise to all save Mr. Maxham and Avery, who, alone, ever knew their guilt.

To Avery was paid the reward of five thousand dollars, a sum which he considered sufficient to warrant a "new departure" on his part—his marriage to the blue-eyed lassie who had long been the principal figure in his dreams by night and by day, heretofore prevented by his pecuniary circumstances.

Mr. Maxham has not, as yet, found his third wife; nor is he likely to find her so long as he avoids women as he recently has avoided them—and particularly handsome brunettes.

## Building Sites and Choosing Houses.

A writer in a recent number of *Chamber's Journal* makes the following good suggestions to persons about to build or purchase a house: In selecting a house, or a site for a new one, remember that where the sun will shine on the house for some hours a day, one element of good is secured, especially if sunshine enters at the windows of the living room or rooms most used during the daytime. After the aspect has been found to be suitable, and that a plentiful supply of sun and air is insured, attention should be given to the general position and construction of the house. If the ground is at all porous, a layer of concrete not less than six inches thick, and composed of cement or lime and broken bricks or gravel, should be spread over the whole of the ground covered by the building. This will prevent the passage of ground air up through the floors. Air will travel through the ground for some distance, and as it invariably becomes contaminated by taking up carbonic acid gas in its passage, is not suitable for inhaling. The house acts as a sucker on the ground; and if, unfortunately, the site is one on "made" ground—that is, composed of all the refuse of a town—gr and air becomes the medium of disease. No houses should be built without a well-ventilated air space between the earth and the ground floor, especially if the layer of concrete on the surface be omitted. The walls should be built of good hard-burnt bricks or non-porous stone set in lime or cement mortar. Common underburnt bricks or porous stones hold moisture, which evaporates with a rise in the temperature, and so chills the air in the house. If the bricks or stones of the walls are suspected of holding moisture, the whole of the external surfaces should be covered with cement, or tiled or slated above. The foundations of the walls should rest on thick beds of concrete bedded in the earth; and to prevent the ground damp rising up the walls, a damp-proof course of slates in cement or a bed of asphalt should be laid in the full thickness or width of the wall just above the ground line. Dryness in this climate is so essential to health that any building which in its floors, walls, or roof sines by admitting moisture should be rejected as a place of residence by those who value their health. In tropical climates buildings are constructed to keep out the heat; but here, we build to retain the heat and keep out the cold.

## A Fortune for You.

All is now capital need not; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Wherever you live you should at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine; they will send you free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily, from the first start. Some have made over \$50 in a day. The best chance ever known by working people. Now is the time—delay not.

Interesting to Our Lady Readers.

In another column you will find an order cutting out to a Father, Free, of a handsome jacket, which can be worn plain or as illustrated.

## MISS BECKY'S HOME.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Miss Becky was going to the "Old Ladies' Home" at last. It was a sorry fact, but there was nothing else for her to do, it seemed. Who would think of offering any other home to a poor, almost helpless old woman who had outlived her usefulness? Having passed her days in other people's houses, so to speak, she might not mind it as much, perhaps, as a more fortunate being.

"Yes," she said, "There's a vacancy in the 'Old Ladies' Home,' and the hundred dollars that Parson Amory left me will pay my way in, but it wouldn't last long if I began to spend it, you know, and I shall have a warm bed and my regular meals without worrying about where the next one's coming from. I'm most tired worrying about ways and means. Seems as though I had been about it all my life; ever since father was taken with heart disease hearing the class in algebra. Now that the rheumatism has got the better of me, so that I can't work in cold weather, and the doctor says it'll draw my fingers up so that I can't use them now, it doesn't seem as if there was anything left for me in this world but the Home—and I ought to be thankful for that."

Miss Becky had had other expectations in her heyday, when young Larry Rogers met her and carried her basket; when his strong arm paddled her down the broad river to church on Sunday mornings; when they sang together in the choir from the same hymn book; when they loitered home in the fragrant summer dusk, and heard the whirring of the wind in the leaves as they brushed by. It sometimes seemed to Miss Becky as if all this had happened in another planet. She was young then, with a bloom on her cheek; but although the rheumatism had bent her figure and rendered her more or less helpless at times, yet her dark, velvety eyes looked out like soft stars, and the ghost of a dimple still flickered on her cheek and chin in spite of her sixty odd years. Miss Becky's father had been the district school teacher in those far off days of her girlhood. He had taught her the simple lore at his command, but it was Larry Rogers who had taught her music, hour after hour, in the empty schoolhouse; they had practiced together, while he wrote the score on the blackboard. But all this had not sufficed to enable her to earn a livelihood. Her education, musical and otherwise, had stopped short of any commercial value. In those days she never expected to earn her living by the sweat of her brow. Larry was going to give her everything. How trivial the little quarrel seemed to-day which circumscribed this fine resolve of his!

But what magnitude it had assumed at the time! On his return from a trip to a neighboring city, some body had whispered to Larry that Miss Becky had been seen driving with Squire Eustis' son Sam behind his trotters. Sam was just home from college, a harum-scarum fellow, they said, who made love right and left and gambled a bit; and when Larry reproached her with it she had not denied, she had simply said: "What then?—if you choose to listen to gossip rather than the facts—"

"But you didn't tell me, and I've been home a week."

"I had forgotten all about it till you reminded me," said Becky.

"It's such an every day affair for you to drive with Sam Eustis!"—which incredulity stung Becky that she would not condescend to explain that she had carried some needlework up to Squire Eustis', which she had been doing for his wife, and that as she left to walk home Sam was just starting off with his smart chaise and new dapple-grays, and the Squire had said, "Take Miss Becky home, Sam, and show her their places;" and how she had been ashamed to refuse their kindness, although preferring to walk a thousand times; and how, once in the chaise, Sam had been the pink of courtesy, and had begged her to drive over with him to Parson Amory's, three miles out of her way, "that Lucy Amory may see you don't disdain my company. For, you see," said Sam, who was not as black as he was painted, or as many liked to suppose, "Lucy can make me what she will; without her I shall be nothing and nobody; but they've told her all kinds of wild things about me; they've told her she might as well jump into the river as marry such a scapegrace. And, perhaps, if I made her a little jealous, you know there's no harm in that, is there? All's fair in love; and, perhaps, if the old folks see me driving about with Becky Thorne my stock may go up, and I may be saved from the burning," as Parson Amory says. And Becky had consented. How could she refuse to do a service for such a true lover? So slight things, too! She had often traversed the same road since on foot, on her daily rounds of toil or mercy. Sam Eustis had married Lucy Amory years ago, and was the foremost man in the country to-day. Strange how that friendly drive had interfered with Miss Becky's prospects; how the simple fact of carrying home Mrs. Eustis' needlework should have determined her fate and devoted her to a life of hardship and the Old Ladies' Home at the end! Talk of trifles! Poor Miss Becky! She remembered that once or twice the opportunity had offered when she might have made it up with Larry; but pride, or a sort of fine reserve, had locked her lips—Larry ought to know that she was above silly flirtations. Once, when they all went out into the orchard while the bride planted a young tree and the guests looked for four-leaved clovers, she had found herself—whether by accident or design she could not tell—on the grass beside Larry; their fingers met over the same lucky clover, their eyes met above it, and for an instant she had it on her tongue's end to confess all about the drive and its result, to put pride in her pocket, but just then Nell Amory called to Larry:

"Oh, a horrid spider!—on my arm, Larry! Kill him, quick—do! Oh—oh—oh! I shall die—I shall faint!" And that was the end of it.

The old orchard, with its fragrant quince bushes, its gnarled apple trees, its four-leaved clovers, was a thing of the past; a cotton-mill roared and thundered there all day long, where the birds build and the trees blossomed thirty odd years ago. It no longer blossomed except in Miss Becky's memory. She had turned her thoughts to raising plants when she was left to her own resources, but one cruel winter's night killed all her slips, and the capital was lacking by which she might renew her stock. Since then she had gone out for daily sewing, had watched with the sick, had been in demand for a temporary housekeeper whenever a tired matron wished an outing; but latterly her eyes no longer served her for fine work, and sewing machines had been introduced; she was not so alert in the sick room as of yore; she moved more slowly, and her housekeeping talent was no longer in request; added to this, the bank where her little earnings had been growing, one day failed and left her high and dry. Some of her friends had travelled to pastures new, some had married away, some had ignored or forgotten her. As for Larry Rogers, he had been away from Plymouth this many a year. Somebody had sent him abroad the year after Lucy Amory's marriage to develop his musical genius. He had grown into a famous violinist, playing all over the country to crowded houses, before the finest people in the land. It was a beautiful romance to Miss Becky to read in the *Plymouth Record* about our "gifted townsman;" she seemed to hear the echo of his violin when the wind swept through the pine boughs; she did not blame him because she sat in the shadow, because her life had been colorless. She sang again the old tunes he had taught her, and made a little sunshine in her heart. All of happiness she had ever known he had brought her. Why should she complain? And now she was going to the Old Ladies' Home.

"It isn't exactly what I expected in my youth," she said to the old doctor's widow. "No; but you'll have a nice room and a bright fire, and the neighbors will drop in to see you and make it home-like. Now, the old Mrs. Gunn. Nothing can persuade her to go to the home. She says it's only a genteel almshouse after all; and she rubs along with what little she can earn and what the neighbors have a mind to send in, and they have to do it mightily grudgingly, too, just as if they were asking a favor of her. 'Lar, she doesn't earn her salt.'"

"I dare say," returned Miss Becky. "Now, if it hadn't been for the rheumatism I could earn my living for years yet, but maybe get something ahead again, but it seems as if the rheumatism laid in wait for the poor and friendless."

"You ought to have married when you were young, Becky," said the doctor's widow, who had forgotten all about Becky's love affair and labored under the impression that she never had a chance—an impression which matrons are apt to entertain concerning their single friends. Miss Becky had been spending some weeks with Mrs. Dwight, who had moved away from Plymouth after her husband's death. She was there chiefly to put some stitches into the widow's wardrobe, which nobody else would do so "reasonably," that lady's grief having incapacitated her for holding a needle or giving her mind to material details of "seam and gusset and band."

But during the visit Miss Becky had been seized with her sharpest attack of rheumatism, which had kept her in bed for weeks, till her wages were exhausted by drugs and doctor's fees. It was at this time that she made up her mind to go into the Home on her return to Plymouth.

Mrs. Dwight saw her off at the station. "I hope you'll find the Home cozy," she said outside the car window. "It's lucky Parson Amory left you that hundred dollars after all. He might have doubted it."

"Yes, I suppose so," Miss Becky answered meekly. Perhaps she was thinking that if she was Mrs. Dwight no old friend of hers should go begging for a refuge at an almshouse. Perhaps she was thinking of the pretty, comfortable home waiting for her friend, and wondering why their fortunes were so unlike.

"Write when you reach Plymouth and let me know how you're suited," said Mrs. Dwight, and just then the cars gave a lurch and left her behind, and Miss Becky was turned home inwards. Somebody had taken the seat beside her.

"Your friend was speaking of Parson Amory and Plymouth," he said. "I couldn't help hearing. I was born in Plymouth myself, but I haven't met a soul from there these twenty years. I'm on my way to look up my old friends."

"Twenty years is a long time," answered Becky. "I'm afraid you won't find many of your friends left. You'll hardly know Plymouth."

"I suppose not—I suppose not. Have you lived there long?"

"I? I have lived there all my days."

"Good! I'm hungry for news of the people. Tell me everything you can think of. Did Parson Amory leave a fortune? He was called close. Where's Miss Nell, married or dead? I can see the old place in my mind's eye, and the parsonage under the elms, and the orchard behind it where Lucy Amory planted a young tree on her wedding day, and the gown little Becky Thorne wore. By the way, is she alive?"

Miss Becky hesitated an instant.

"Yes," she replied. "I know her—more or less. She's alive."

"And married?"

"Well, no; she never married."

"She must be sixty odd; she was a pretty creature, such—I suppose they are wrinkles now! Where have the years gone? Is she home in the old place still?"

"Her home?" said Miss Becky, flushing a little. "She has none; she is on her way to the Old Ladies' Home."

"To the Old Ladies' Home! Becky Thorne!" he gasped. "And I—"

"You seem to have known her pretty well," said Becky, who was beginning to enjoy the incongruity.

"I should think so. I've loved Becky Thorne from my cradle; we had a silly quarrel which parted us—such a trifle, when I look back. Do you ever look back, madam?"

The twilight was falling about them; Becky's face had grown a shade or two paler all at once; she turned her dark, velvety eyes full upon him with a startled air.

"You?" she said. "You must be Larry Rogers!" Then the coat swept to her cheek in a crimson wave. "Do you know I never thought you had grown old like myself! Don't you know me? I am Becky Thorne!"

Just then the train thundered through the tunnel and they forgot that they were "sixty odd."

"On the way to the Old Ladies' Home," she wrote Mrs. Dwight, "I was persuaded to go to an old gentleman's instead!"

## How French Bread is Made.

One summer's day we stopped to call at the stone farm house of Monsieur Duval. Ernestine, the eldest daughter, was housekeeper in her dead mother's place, and she it was who brought out the amber-colored cider, the goat's cheese, and the heavy, hard country bread. It is essential of French peasant hospitality to offer these things to visitors.

The loaf she took from the shelf was one of half a dozen leaning against the black wall. These loaves resembled cart wheels, and had been baked in six-quart milk pans. Ernestine cut the loaf with a small saw made for this purpose! Nothing less than such a saw, or a wholesale cutlery, could sever that homely but delicious *pain rassis*.

These loaves, we knew, were baked only once a month. Bread day in a Norman peasant family is like washing day on an American farm, in the respect that it comes at regular periods. We judged that bread day in this cottage was approaching, from the fact that only six loaves remained of the original thirty or thereabout.

After our luncheon Ernestine took us through the orchard to a picturesque stone building, where the bread was wont to be made. This building had once been part of an ancient abbey, and amid its ivy-covered ruins we can still trace fine sculpture and bits of armorial designs, but inside there was no sign of art or architecture. It was really a Norman hen house. We saw several pairs of *sabots* or wooden shoes hanging from the wall and looking as if they had been whitewashed.

In one corner of the place was a large space inclosed with boards. This was empty, but, like the *sabots*, it suggested whitewash or mortar making.

Ernestine told us that this was the family dough trough. Hither, once a month, came her father and the hired man to "set" the yeast a-rising. Flour and water were stirred together with huge wooden spatulas shaped like our snow shovels, which hung with the *sabots* upon the wall. When the mass, thoroughly beaten together, has risen and assumed a dark color and leathery consistency, then came the tug of war. The two men put on the *sabots* over their ordinary shoes, jumped in upon the dough, and began the kneading. Their way was to hop and prance and flourish like opera dancers, to stamp and kick like horses, exerting themselves till the perspiration streamed off them and they had no strength left. After this process the dough was put into the pans, and then baked in the huge oven at the rear of the abbatial hen house.

In all Norman towns half-cold men may often be seen lounging about bake house doors. Their legs and feet are bare and floury, and as they tread the streets we know that they have just come from or are returning to their usual occupation of kneading bread.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Ernestine when we told her that in America bread making was woman's work. "*Mon Dieu!* how cruel your men are! I would rather shoe horses!"—*Epoch*.

## Gibraltar.

Through the kindness of the U. S. Consul Resident at Gibraltar, one may obtain a permit to visit the fortress. Mounted on little Spanish burros or donkeys, you ascend the steep west side of the mountain by an old Moorish castle; there was the entrance of the fortress, which is about four hundred feet above the sea. Here a sentinel conducted us through the galleries. The galleries are tunnels many hundred yards in length, excavated through the solid rock along the entire north front parallel with the face of the rock. Embrasures are blasted out every few hundred feet, from which heavy artillery is provided, fully commanding any approach to the rock from the north. They are unexcelled in their execution and conception of military efficiency and are entirely the work of convict labor. They form two tiers, and the north face of the mountain from below seems studded with apertures resembling the port-holes of a vessel. The galleries were begun in 1783, under the direction of the English Governor of Gibraltar, General Elliott, during the siege of the French and Spaniards.

Emerging from the "Galleries" we suddenly, at an elevation of some eleven hundred feet, find ourselves on a stony plateau on the north side of the "Paik," whence the eye meets one of the grandest views imaginable—to the east the blue Mediterranean; to the North the mountainous district of Algeiras with the town of La Linea in the foreground; to the West the harbor of Gibraltar and the villages of Algeiras and Tarifa. At your feet are the race course, the cricket grounds, and the grave yard with its multitude of small square sepulchres, silent witnesses of the many bloody contests that have agitated this historic region.

How Vanilla is Produced.

The vanilla plant is found native in Mexico, South America and the West Indies; but it is only in the wild valleys, near the eastern coast of the first mentioned country, that the vanilla bean is found possessing the characteristics which makes it valuable for the use of man. In the other countries it attains no perfection and is practically worthless. The vanilla is an orchid and is cultivated by the Mexican Indians, and by them brought into the seaports and marketed, very largely in Vera Cruz. Of the great natural beauties and wonderful tropical features, especially the tropical vegetation of Mexico, the reader has doubtless heard and read. In the great valley of Mazatlan an immense sunken hole in the ground, a depression of more than 6,000 feet in its immediate surroundings, where every manifestation of nature is a grand scene, vegetation unrivaled in luxuriance and beauty, ferns being found there seventy feet in height—in this valley the vanilla flourishes in a wild state, and here the supply of that flavoring for the chocolate of Montezuma was obtained, and the region round about is the vanilla center of the world. Nothing can exceed the jealousy of the natives in guarding its production from the eyes or cognizance of the outside world, and all the peculiarities of Mexican outdoor life are illustrated in the brigandage which both protects and preys upon the industry.

But few whites ever penetrate to Mazatlan, and it is only at a great risk of life and lavish outlay that excursions are ever made to that point. Few care to attempt the adventure.

The Indians cultivate by tying the plant to a scrub oak, when, being an orchid, it vegetates upon the air. For the first four years of its life it bears no fruit, and after that continues in bearing until fifteen years. The blossoms are in clusters, somewhat resembling lilacs, but white in color and of the most powerful perfume, similar to tuberose. The green fruit, or beans, depend from a stalk, clustered like bananas, which they nearly resemble in size every way, while the fruit is green. It is gathered when not quite ripe, but before the harvesting the beans diminished two or three on a stalk. These green beans, when gathered, weigh from 60 to 75 lbs per 1,000 (they are handled and sold by the 1,000), but dwindle in the process of curing, so that their weight finally is but from 10 to 14 pounds per 1,000, and shrink from one inch, or rarely two inches in circumference, to an attenuated pod not much larger than a pipe-stem.

To cure properly requires about ninety days' time, and the manipulation is almost infinite, each bean being handled critically from 300 to 500 times in the process by the Indians. The green beans, as gathered, are disposed of in layers—first a layer of beans and then a blanket, and so on till a pile is formed of alternate layers of beans and blankets. This is called the sweating process, and during its continuance the piles are turned two or three times a day until most of the water is sweated out. And here the natives exercise the utmost care and attention. When finished, the beans are to be the color of a very dark cigar



## VARIETIES.

**VARIETIES.**

PATIENTLY she sat and waited for his footfall. His footfall was busy tiling engagements at other points. A tear trickled from her eye and burst into countless sparkling atoms, as it fell on the mantle which hung gracefully from her shoulders. The gauntlet flickered diemally in the dim hall. She let it flicker and heeded it not. The policeman's club struck the curbstone on the next block with a hollow sound, and she started in terror. What if—oh, sickening thought! But no—George was always fly enough to take a cab and after he had finished going out with the boys.

At last he came.

"Where have you been so long, George?" she asked.

Hesaciously seemed to hear her. For several minutes he stood motionless, but his face wore a troubled expression.

At length he spoke these words:

"My—hic—dear, I hash ter give it up. I've got 'er poorest mean'y'er ever shawb. Ashk me shumpin' easy. I'll f'iu out fer you to—hic—morrow from shom of ozzher—hic—fe-lahs—G—ood-night."

HIGH PRIVILEGES.—"Giatiemni," exclaimed an Emerald Islander, who was holding forth to an assemblage of men on the advantages of belonging to a society of which he was president. "Giatiemni, I couldn't begin to tell you half the privileges appertainin' to members in this society, but I'll tell ya a few. First, when ye are sick, it'll not be portaters 'n' ash you'll be gittin', but foine oots of roast beef 'n' ashins of the best whiskey. Nixt, when ye are dead, ye'll have such a foine

ld their eyes stic

When you buried we'll take such excoading road care of your wives and children that they'll all be rejoicing greatly because they're widows and orphans."—*Harper's Bazar*.

On a crowded East Boston horse-car the other evening, the seats of which were nearly all occupied by men, a cutting debate ensued, answered by a neat compliment was overheard. Shortly after the car left the ferry there got aboard a young lady, whose pallid and careworn face marked her as an invalid.

None of those having a seat at their disposal deigned to offer a seat to the one who seemed most in need of the resting place till the further end of the car a roughly dressed workman, resigning his seat in her behalf, said:

"There don't seem, Miss, to be any gentleman on this car."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I am sure there are," she replied, gratefully, as she accepted the seat.—*Boston Budget*.

NOTES MUCH OF A JOKE AFTER ALL.—He showed at his photograph taken one day when he was at the beach with the boys. It was not a good picture, for he was not exactly in condition for taking one. But he thought he would have a joke with his wife about it, so when he reached home he handed it to her, saying:

"There is a picture of a man who loves you."

She looked at it, and a deep blush overcame her face as she said:

"It is like Jim. Where did you see him?"

He would give a good deal to know who

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invited to a picnic on the day when his paper and to go to press, called the boy who set the type and said: "Tom, I'm going away to-day and haven't got time to set out any more copy. Take my article headed 'Party Organization' and run it in again, putting over it the published by request." That will save considerable time and you can go to press at once." When the editor returned from the printer he found the paper in the morning became justly indignant on reading the following: "Party Organization. Republished by request of the editor."

FISH STORIES are now in order. This is one reason a fact is and is alleged to be new. If at the first, it should be framed for the latter, its author should be decorated: A Muskoka camper alleges that he set out a night-line baited with a minnow. This was swallowed by a shiner, which was taken in later by a perch, which at a subsequent stage was captured by a black bass, a muskungele woked before the camper and swallowed the muskungele, and the whole outfit was hauled home in time for breakfast. Muskoka is a wonderful country.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.—Cincinnati. Mrs. W. H. B. My dear, you must give little fish a spanking, and a hard one, too.

Great Banker—I haven't time: I must— "They said it won't do to overlook this fault. They had come in to the fair." A young lady, clad in a plain calico dress, was walking up S. S. Main Street this a. m., holding the hand of and of a youth of twenty or thereabouts, with a rural look about him. When they reached a certain grocery the young man

## oped the girl's

Ray, minister, gimme tencents' worth of them  
big perlaters with hair on 'em. Gosh, but  
I ain't make the old man's eyes stick out."  
Ann Arbor Courier.

"THIS is a most delicious fish," remarked  
the minister, who was enjoying a Monday  
dinner with the family. "I suppose the  
markets are well-stocked now, Mr. Hend-  
ricks."

"Well, to tell the truth," replied Mr.  
Hendricks, uneasily, "I caught that fish my-  
self."

"O, did you?" said the minister. "Well,  
I suppose when packed in ice fish will easily  
keep from Saturday till Monday."

"DID YOU hear my sermon yesterday?"  
asked a Lincoln clergyman of one of his con-  
gregation. "No; I'm sorry to say that I  
was not able to go to church yesterday. What was  
your sermon about?" "About Joseph going  
down into Egypt to buy corn." "Well, that  
may be all right as a text, but if Joseph had  
aid at the official crop report, he'd have gone  
to Nebraska for corn."—Nebraska State  
Journal.

"I stole all the money you brought home  
on the Sunday school collection and then  
went out and pitched pennies with it."  
Banker—Great Caesar! Lost every cent of  
it I suppose?

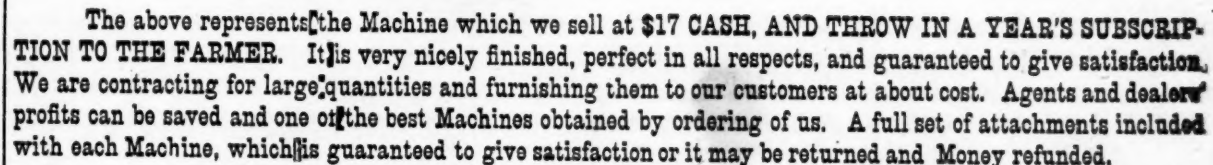
"Wife—No; he won a lot more that some  
other boy had taken from his father."  
Husband—Oh! tell him to put my money  
where he got it, like an honest boy.—  
Nashua World.

A Washington land-man was calling on  
a Washington land-man and said:

and her little  
daughter was and

list her in every way. Finally a package whole cloves was produced, which were to be inserted in the fruit for spice, when the little one suddenly exclaimed: "O mamma, let me put in the tacks!

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of Wayne County, that the subpoena issued in this cause cannot be served upon said defendant because his whereabouts cannot be ascertained.

It is ordered that said defendant, Frank J. Webb, appear in this cause, and answer complainant's petition, on or before the 10th day of November, 1917.

WILLIAM JENNISON, Circuit Judge,  
FORWARD 1917, Solicitor for Complainant.

AT a session of the Circuit Court for the County of Wayne, In Chancery, held at the Court House in the City of Detroit, on the twenty-first day of October, 1917, the following case was heard and decided: Present, Hon. William J. Jennison, Circuit Judge. Ernest H. Mortinville, Val. 100, Plaintiff, vs. Ernest H. Mortinville, Val. 100, Defendant. The complaint of Ernest H. Mortinville, plaintiff, against Ernest H. Mortinville, defendant, was for a specific place of residence, and that it cannot be ascertained by the court whether or not the residence or can be found, and it further appearing that the defendant is not a resident of the County of Wayne, and that the subpoena issued in this cause cannot be served on the defendant, and that by the motion of William F. Atkinson, solicitor for complainant, the court should grant a writ of habeas corpus, appear in this cause and answer the bill herein filed.

WILLIAM JENNISON, Circuit Judge.

At a session of the Circuit Court

erty, convened and held at the Circuit Court Room in the City of Detroit, on the third day of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty six, before the undersigned Circuit Judge, Frank G. Zens vs. Sarah A. Zens. In above cause it appearing by the affidavit of the said Sarah A. Zens that it could not be ascertained in what State or Country said defendant, Sarah A. Zens, resides or can be found and it further appearing by the return by the Sheriff of the County of Wayne that said defendant, Sarah A. Zens, cannot be served upon said defendant, because her whereabouts cannot be ascertained, it is ordered that said defendant be complained, it is ordered: that said defendant Sarah A. Zens appear in this cause and answer to the bill, on or before the 10th day of September, 1888.

WILLIAM JENCKS  
JAMES J. ATKINSON. Circuit Judge.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.—Third Judicial

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the county of Wayne, in Chancery at Detroit, on the twenty-first day of November, 1906.

CHRISTOPHER ADOCO, Complainant,  
vs.  
H. W. ADOCO, Defendant. No. 3338.

In this cause it is satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file that the defendant, Anna M. Adoco, is a resident of the county of Wayne, in the city of Hamtramck, Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada; on motion of Frederick T. Sibley, Solicitor for the complainant, it is ordered, that the said defendant do answer the Complaint and answer the Bill of Complaint filed in this cause on or before four months from the date of this order, and that within the said time the said defendant do publish the same in the MICHIGAN FARMER, said publication to be continued once in each week for six successive weeks. JOSEPH M. WYK, Clerk of the Court.

WILLIAM C. WYK, County Clerk, Michigan.

Solicitor for Complainant.  
A true copy:  
*[Signature]*  
Notary Public

**STATE OF MICHIGAN.** ss.  
COUNTY OF WAYNE  
I, A. J. WATKINS, Clerk of said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Detroit, on the first day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.  
Present: Edgar P. Thorpe, Judge of said County.  
In the matter of the estate of Bernard J. Michensider, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of said Michensider, for the appointment of a guardian of said estate, the court is of the opinion that said guardian may be granted to him; it is ordered that Tuesday, the first day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Michigan Tribune, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.

A true copy: Judge of Probate.  
HOMER A. FLINT, Register. 010734

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